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her ports the ships of all countries, and pouring into her treasury vast sums of gold for which she neither toils nor spins. For thousands of years, on the barren guano islands, has this wealth been accumulating, and were it possible to transport the China and the Lobos rocks to the mouth of the Mersey or the Thames, all the gold of Australia would scarce suffice to purchase the rich fertilising matter which they bear.

On the banks of the streams which water her deserts grow the vine, the cotton plant, the sugar-cane, the olive, tobacco, maize, barley, lucern, and many other valuable products. Her plantations abound in rich fruits, among which are oranges, pomegranates, lemons, figs, plantains, guaves, dates, pattas, quinces, and many peculiar to the country. The deep valleys of the Sierra are rich in the most valuable productions,—indigo, dyewoods, gums, medicinal barks, and costly timber. Flocks of sheep in the Sierra supply large quantities of wool; and on the table lands of the Cordilleras, is produced the soft silky fleece of the alpaca, which the enterprise of a single Englishman has raised into an article of great commercial value. Copper, iron, lead, and gold are found in the mountains, and their prolific silver mines are celebrated all over the world. But when we turn from the country to the people, all is barren as their mountain-peaks, arid as their scorching deserts. Superstitious, apathetic, unstable, the Peruvian gives little hope of future progress. His moral, intellectual, and even physical condition, is most debased and degraded; and to him, the noble country, its magnificent scenery, and its vast treasures, are but as pearls cast before swine.

HIGH ALTAR OF NOTRE-DAME, AT HALLE, IN BELGIUM.

How little it often requires to render a thing famous, and to cause a name to roll from mouth to mouth, and thus earn universal reputation! Such is the case with the little town of Halle, in South Brabant. Though the extent of this town is too limited, its population too small, its productions too insignificant, and its historical traditions too uninteresting to insure its name a place in a school-boy's geography, it nevertheless attracts the attention of the world, causes the artist to turn out of his road to visit it, saves the engraver's etching point many an idle day, and adds to the graceful and elegant appearance of our magazines and of our albums. And why? Because artistic genius has there worked out its inspirations, and left its trace behind it; because the architect, the sculptor, and the painter, have all been there to show the world, in the legacy they have left it—a cathedral—to what a height their different arts can rise.

From what we have just said, it may be concluded that Halle owes all its celebrity to its Cathedral. Seen from a distance, however, this structure, which was begun in 1341, and terminated in 1409, appears in no way imposing from the size of its proportions; and its exterior has nothing remarkable about it, with the exception of a tower, which is square as far up as two-thirds of its height, and then becomes octangular, the whole being covered with reliefs and embrasures. The architecture of the interior is most elegant, while the decorations are profusely elaborate. The vaulted roof of the nave, which is divided into three parts, is supported by pillars, the verves of which are gracefully arranged in clusters. The choir presents the most splendid appearance: bright coloured windows, open-worked niches, statues, statuettes, and a thousand other ornaments of various kinds, there meet the eye and produce the most wonderful effect. But the part that crowns all is the High Altar, which is a perfect *chef-d'œuvre*, its general arrangement being full of grandeur, while the details are executed in the most minute and delicate manner. In the upper part of it is seen an image of St. Martin, under whose protection the church was placed at the time of its foundation. At the end of the fourteenth century, however, the name was changed to that of Notre-Dame, in consequence of certain events, which we will now briefly relate. The Countess Alix, wife of Jean d'Avesnes, had pre-

sented one of the chapels of the church with a little statue which she had inherited from St. Elizabeth of Hungary. This statue, which was an image of the Virgin, had, it was said, already worked a great number of miracles. The faithful rushed in crowds to offer up their devotions to it, and, as the miracles continued, the fame of the statue became so great, that people began to designate the church by the name of the Virgin only, until it was finally placed under her protection.

While viewing this part of the church, the mind is lost in wonder at the immense amount of patience which must have been expended on the intricate details, on the tracery, on the open work, and on the sculpture executed there. The whole, which is as imposing a work as the hand of man will ever perfect, is made up of parts, each of which is a masterpiece in itself, that fascinate the eye and engrave the name of Halle on the memory of all who visit its cathedral.

Nearly all catholic churches possess a treasure: that of Notre-Dame at Halle, is perhaps the richest that exists in Belgium. It is placed under the protection of the first magistrate of the town, and it would be almost impossible to describe the jewels of all forms and materials of which it is composed. In the chapel of Notre-Dame, is seen a splendid collection of crosses, lamps, coats of mail, standards, moustrances, chalices, and gold, silver, and ivory figures, all presents from kings and princes of every country. One of the most magnificent objects contained in this treasure, is a silver-gilt moustrance presented by Henry VIII., king of England, a little time before he succeeded from the church of Rome.

The miraculous statue is carried in a solemn procession which takes place once a year, on the first Sunday in September, the day of the *kermesse*, by twelve delegates from the neighbouring towns which were the first to place themselves under its protection. The inhabitants of Liege also come once a year in a procession to pay a visit to the church at Halle.

In one of the side chapels, may be seen a Latin inscription, in which it is stated that Gustus Lipse, the author of a book written in honour of the Virgin of Halle, bequeathed his pen to Notre-Dame.

A MIDNIGHT RIDE IN '98.

PART II.

I FOUND myself tramping on foot through a wild mountainous district, within half an hour after the occurrence described at the close of my last chapter. I was surrounded by the party who had so abruptly arrested my progress—the leader, who was styled by his companions Tom Hackett, being mounted on my mare, and maintaining a rigid silence. With the exception of occasional remarks upon the state of the roads, and the genealogy and worldly wealth of the farmers on the road along which they were marching, little was said by any of them. Immediately after my ignominious overthrow, my pockets had been rifled of their contents, and, amongst other things, of letters from my father to Mr. Gilbert, in which the conduct and character of the rebels was commented upon in no very favourable terms. This discovery, though I was unable at that time to perceive its importance in relation to my own prospects, was anything but agreeable, as it led to my being set down as a spy and deceiver, and liable to all the consequences which such a character entails upon him who is found bearing it in a time of war. That weary night stamped itself too truly on my memory ever to be forgotten. I think we must have tramped on at least twenty miles along rough mountain roads, stormy and precipitous, my thin town boots torn, my feet blistered and bleeding, and my bones aching with fatigue. Once or twice we stopped at cabins on the way-side; the inmates were rudely roused, and compelled to furnish us with any food which they had at command, and this, with copious draughts of whiskey and water, partially supported my faltering strength. When the sun began to peep above the horizon, I was blindfolded, and after another hour's march, the bandage was taken off, and I found myself at the door of a long, low-lying thatched farm-

house, with a huge yard, containing a heap of manure of almost equal size in front. Three or four men were sleeping upon stone benches by the wall, and raising themselves up at the noise made by the opening of the door, lay down again to snore, upon the leader of our party exclaiming, "Fair an' aisy goes far in a day."

Upon entering, I was detained a moment in the walled-off passage, which in most Irish farmhouses shields the fire from the draught of the door, whilst one of my captors went forward into the room. I could hear a conversation carried on for a few minutes in a low tone, and then in a loud, stern order—

"Bring him in."

"Yis, giniral," was the reply; and rounding the corner, I found myself face to face with the famous "General" Holt, or, as he was better known, "Giniral Hoult."

He glanced carelessly at me for a moment, and then drew aside his coat tails, and stood with his back to the fire. I was struck upon the instant by the tremendous energy in his lips, and the sharp, piercing glance of his grey eye. He was not above the middle height, but the exquisite symmetry of his limbs, displayed fully by tight-fitting buckskin breeches and top-boots, the breadth of his chest, and the lofty and commanding air with which his head was perched upon his shoulders, gave him all the dignity which one generally connects with six feet and a half. A green coat and epaulettes, a cocked hat and feather, and a heavy broadsword, made up the sum of his equipments. A small table with writing materials stood in the corner of the room. A few muskets and pikes were piled on a table near the lower end of the room, and on the stairs, chairs, and a settle, some dozen men were lounging wearily.

"What's your name?" said he, after eyeing me sternly for a few moments. I gave it.

"Where d'ye come from?"

"Dublin."

"An' where wor ye going to?"

"To Mr. Gilbert's."

"An' who wrote this letter?" pointing to my despatches, which lay open on his table.

"My father."

"Well," striking the table, "you'll never carry any more letters for him nor any one else, and nayther will ould Gilbert resave anny. Ye'll die the death of a trathur this very evenin'. Take him away." I was forthwith dragged away, and confined in a sort of garret on the first and only floor of which the house could boast, except the ground one. The heat as the sun rose and shone fiercely on the roof was stifling. After several hours of painful anxiety, and horrid misgivings, my breakfast was brought me by a young woman, very fat, and very ruddy, but anything but handsome. She was coarse and deeply pockmarked,—but there was a kindly beam in her eye which made my spirits rise for the moment. There was no guard upon my room except the locking of the door, but I was effectually secured from the fact that there was no window, save a small one through which I could hardly drag my leg. I ventured to open up a conversation with her whilst she was placing my meal, consisting of mutton chops, a little too much done, upon the top of a chest, which, with a bed, formed the only furniture of the room. "Don't be cast down, alyanna bawn," said she, using a freedom which my extreme youth made excusable; "but bore a hole in the thatch and run along the roof o' the house, and ye'll find your little horse tied to a tree at the far end of the grove, at sunsit this evenin'. The road to Grana Hall is straight up the hill, and ride for your life, for the boys is goin' to burn it over the ould masher's head this very night. Don't make a noise, an' ye'll be all safe. Sure they're drinkin' an' carousin' below like wild bastes."

She ran out, and locked the door without giving me time for an answer. Towards afternoon, however, instead of thinking of making my escape, I was in momentary expectation to be dragged forth to execution, but by the sounds of merriment proceeding from the kitchen, I concluded I had been forgotten, and instantly roused myself. After breaking through the dry sod called the "scraw," which is immediately over the rafters, it was no difficult matter, though a very dirty

job, to get out through the thick coating of rotten thatch, which formed the roof. I dropped into the grove, found the Lyanna attached to a tree about the place mentioned, and holding my breath while I mounted, galloped away for my life. Towards the evening I rode up to the door of Grana Hall, and dismounting in hot haste, told my story. Old Mr. Gilbert instantly set about making preparations for his defence. Old fire-arms were routed out and furbished, the furniture piled up in back-rooms, the beds heaped up close to the windows ready to be used as a bulwark. The servants were all called in, and such of the tenantry as were supposed to be still untainted by revolutionary principles; a cow was killed and salted, and every other measure which prudence or experience could suggest, was taken to prepare for a long siege. The ladies were placed in the cellar, with a carpet, a bed, a table, and a few chairs, and some refreshments. All this was done before nine o'clock, and then for the first time I had a few minutes' leisure for rest and conversation. The Misses Gilbert were dreadfully alarmed, their father was blustering and blowing like a porpoise, and the retainers, some a little pale at the thought of a fight in earnest, and others panting for the fray. The house was a large square building, covered on all sides from the roof to the ground with slates. A grove of trees at the end was felled to prevent its affording shelter to the besiegers, and all the doors firmly barricaded.

But it was evident that if we were attacked by a strong force, and that they possessed any ordinary amount of bravery and perseverance, it was impossible that we could hold out, considering the state of our defences. We came to a resolution, which I am now surprised we did not think of sooner, and that was to despatch a special messenger to Hacketstown for assistance from the garrison. He mounted and rode off, and we watched him from the window riding down the avenue to the road. He had not reached the gate, when we heard the sharp crack of a musket, and saw him fall heavily from his horse. In a moment afterwards the rebels were seen advancing along the lawn in a dense column and at a rapid rate.

We all ran instantly to our posts, and had no sooner done so than a shower of bullets rattling on the slates told us that our only hope now lay in our own courage. Upon coming up within musket shot the besiegers scattered themselves behind the hedge-rows, ditches, out-offices, and haystacks, those who had guns firing as often as they could reload, and those who had not "doing" the yelling and execration for the others. The scene now became really awful; to any one not engaged in the conflict it would have been splendid. To a day of unclouded splendour had succeeded a night of murky darkness. The clouds lay on the sky in heavy black masses, or moved lazily before a breeze rising with a low murmuring sound; and through this gloom the flash of every musket, in those days of flint locks, was seen with the distinctness of a watchfire. Ever and anon, as our party yelled out, "Croppy, lie down!" "Orange, lie down!" came back with rageful loudness from behind the walls and trees. We had divided ourselves into parties for each room, the best shots taking their places at the windows, and the others loading. The marksmen sheltered themselves behind a pile of bedding, and strictly reserved their fire until there was a tolerable certainty of hitting—a precaution rendered absolutely necessary in consequence of our limited supply of ammunition. Despite our care, however, it was not long before two of our best men were struck down by the deadly skill of the Shilmaleer marksmen, who abounded in the ranks of the rebels, and whose long guns, used in shooting the wild ducks in the marshes on the Wexford coast, carried certain death at one thousand yards.

The firing went on for two or three hours, and at last that of the besiegers totally ceased; but I believe the pause was more dreadful to us than the fury of the engagement. The darkness, the silence, the uncertainty, the fear of a *coup de main*, and the distinctly heard groans of the wounded men from the adjoining room had each something terribly disheartening. The cause was soon made apparent by the

approach of two parties at a swinging trot, each carrying a ladder covered with long planks to protect them from our fire. They succeeded in planting them against two windows, and a great number began to mount, every man, to our great surprise, having a pillow in front of him, which he pushed up to shelter him as he ascended. This device, however, proved futile, as we picked off the pillows with the point of a long pike as soon as they got near the top, and then shot down their bearers.

It was just midnight, and the rain was beginning to descend in fearful torrents, when we discovered that we had only six rounds a man of powder and ball remaining. Old Mr. Gilbert began to lose heart, and offered twenty pounds to any man who would ride to Hacketstown and bring on a troop of dragoons to our assistance; and, if he fell, to provide for his family, or any one who was dependent on him. There was a general pause. None liked to run so fearful a risk as running the fire of an unseen enemy scattered all over the fields for half a mile round, and doubtless in great force along the whole line of road. Whether it was infatuation, or foolhardiness, or want of sleep, that made me volunteer to undertake this duty, I have never been able to tell; all I know is that it was not really devoted courage.

The horses had been brought into the kitchen, and were there standing in a profusion of straw. The Lyanna had been well rubbed down, and from what I knew of her mettle I felt assured she was again ready for the road. In the excitement of the moment I hurried off, and in a few minutes she was saddled, led out into the yard, and I mounted. I took a hurried leave of the old gentleman, the gates were suddenly opened, and out I dashed. The yells and execrations that met my ear when I issued on the lawn, and the moonlight fell on me through the drizzling rain, sounded like my death knell; and throwing myself forward on the mare's neck, galloped for dear life. I had nearly reached the gate, and was congratulating myself upon my escape, when a dozen men started up like ghosts, shut the gates, and closed to receive me on their bayonets. Luckily there was still room for presence of mind; and suddenly turning aside I galloped for a few strides across the green sward; and clearing the wall at a bound, fell out upon the road. I rose with the blood streaming from my head, scrambled on Lyanna's back, and away we went once more, the bullets flying pretty thickly, but gradually decreasing, until a stray shot, fired at random from a Shilmaleer gun, was the only evidence of the close proximity of an enemy. But on coming round a sweep of the road which brought me in the rear of the hall, the noise of the firing came distinctly up the glen, and I could still hear the faint cheer of the besieged, which was almost the only thing they could now send back to the crashing volleys which rained upon the house, and which entering at the open windows struck the plaster of the walls and ceiling in crumbling masses.

I tied a handkerchief round my head, which stopped the bleeding from the cut received in my fall, and galloped on. I suddenly heard the sound of a horse's footsteps behind me. I put the Lyanna to the top of her speed, but still my pursuer seemed to gain on me, and, at last, when he seemed to be within pistol-shot, he roared, in a hoarse voice, "Ride aisy, I tell ye; ain't I old Nick Timmins, that was born an' bred in Grana Hall; bear ye're mare down the hill, and take the ditch at the cross roads, or ye'll go right into Darby Kelly's old house, and be spitted afore ye know where ye are. Pull aisy, I say!"

Thus adjured, I did "pull aisy," and was very soon joined by the speaker—a thin, tall, but wiry man of about forty-five, mounted upon an equally gaunt, high-shouldered, rough-going horse, one of those old Irish hunters, which, for courage and endurance, particularly in crossing a rough country, have perhaps never been surpassed. He told me that he feared I might go astray, and fall into the hands of some of the roving bands of brigands which had now overspread the country, and had therefore broken cover soon after my departure and followed me.

The moon soon broke out in splendour, and we crossed the

ditch at the turning at full speed, and struck out boldly through the meadow below, taking every fence and hedge, as if following the hounds in broad noonday. At the foot of the hill we plunged into the river with a splash and dash which roused the cattle in the adjacent fields from their midnight slumbers, and sent them cantering wildly about in every direction. After two miles we once more reached the road, and in half an hour thundered up the silent streets of Hacketstown; and, after answering the sentinel's challenge, were admitted into the presence of my old friends Captain Hudson. He hastily donned his uniform, the trumpet sounded the *veille*, and in fifteen minutes we were once more on the road, going at the top of our speed towards Grana Hall. When we reached it, the Lyanna was well nigh spent; the out-offices were in flames, and a heap of burning straw piled up at the hall-door had already sent the flames up the staircase and through the dining-room. We charged up the lawn with loud hurrahs, the rebels slowly retired—the terrible Shilmaleers knocking many a fine fellow out of his saddle as they retreated, and, rushing into the house, we soon extinguished the fire, and put all to rights. The troops remained till morning, and then a company was left *en permanence*. I went to bed and slept soundly, and in the morning I received the hearty thanks and congratulations of father and daughters. Before the end of the summer one of them was my wife.

THE CHIMPANZEE.

A new species of chimpanzee has lately been discovered. On the western coast of Africa these animals are remarkable for superior instinct and stronger muscular development than the ordinary orang-outang. They are said to approach the nearest to man of all the monkey tribe in their interior organisation, exterior characteristics, and in sagacity and cunning. The species, for a long time, was but very imperfectly understood. In 1849 a perfect adult specimen was forwarded to the Museum of Natural History at Paris. In the following January, two other specimens were sent, the first, a young animal, the other a full grown adult; both were preserved in alcohol, and immediately upon their arrival were submitted to a careful anatomical investigation. The result of the inquiry was, the unmistakeable establishment of the fact that this animal was the most elevated in the scale of being, approaching in its physical organism the nearest to man. The adult presented a very extraordinary aspect. Its fangs were enormous, and the evidence of its great muscular power was afforded by the whole of its proportions. The height of the animal was above that of a man of middle stature, but the width of the body, the immense size of its lower limbs, altogether surpassed that of the human frame. French naturalists inform us, that some of the species are nearly seven feet in height, and measure round the chest more than five feet and a half. United to these extraordinary dimensions, the intelligence of the animal is perfectly surprising. But though the brain is formed in the same manner as that of man, although the machinery appears almost as perfect as that of our own, the creature still wants reason, and it is true with regard to this species, as it was true with regard to the orang-outang, that no disposition of matter will give mind; and that the body, how nicely soever formed, is formed in vain when there is not infused a soul to direct its operations.

The British Museum has lately obtained an entire skeleton, but no living specimen has as yet been imported.

In the proceedings of the Zoological Society of London there is a description of this remarkable animal by Professor Owen. The great chimpanzee (*Troglodytes Gorilla*), differs from any animal of the kind yet brought under the notice of naturalists, in the following principal particulars:—By its greater size; by the existence of large occipital and interparietal crests in the males, and by rudiments of the same in the females; by the form of the nasal orifices, and the distance between them and the mouth being less than in the chimpanzee and orang; and by the bones of the nose and